

## THE PIONEER

will be issued every Thursday, at Upper Sandusky, O., \$2.00 per annum, or \$1.50 in advance.

**OFFICE IN**  
**WILSON'S BRICK BLOCK,**  
**OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE.**

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**W. W. BEERY,**

**BEERY & SPAULDING,**

Attorneys at Law,

Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care in Wyandot and adjoining counties.

Particular attention given to drafting Deeds, Mortgages, &c., and Administration business.

17-ly

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ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO.

Will diligently attend to any professional business in Wyandot and adjoining counties. In the Common Pleas and Probate Court.

He will also attend Justice Courts in any of the townships of this county. Office in the Court House.

Feb. 5-58

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Will faithfully attend to all business entrusted to his care. Particular attention paid to conveyancing and settlement of estates.

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**MANSION HOUSE,**

UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO.

JOSEPH T. TORREY, Proprietor.

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### MISCELLANEOUS.

**B. LIEBENTHAL**

MERCHANT TAILOR,

And dealer in Ready Made Clothing.

NO. 3, YELLOW CORNER.

Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

**EWALD BRAUNS.**

WATCH MAKER AND JEWELER,

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Repairing of Watches and Jewelry will be executed in the most skillful manner. 17 3m

**W. H. KILLMER,**

DEALER IN EVERY VARIETY OF

Hardware, Iron Nails, Agricultural Implements, &c.

UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO. Feb 5-58

**ROBBINS & HUNT,**

YELLOW CORNER.

HAVE a full stock of NEW GOODS, which they will sell as low as any other concern in Ohio. No Gas applied to our goods to sell them. Low Prices and Ready Pay.

ROBBINS & HUNT.

Upper Sandusky, May 21, 1857. 35-6w

**HARPER, AYRES, ROBERTS & CO.**

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE ASSOCIATED themselves together for the purpose of transacting a PRIVATE BANKING BUSINESS, at Upper Sandusky. Interest on deposits will be paid at the following rates: After 3 months, at the rate of 4 percent. After 6 months at the rate of 5 percent. After 12 months, at the rate of 6 percent. From date subject to be withdrawn on demand. Office, No. 6 Pearson & McConnell's Block.

GEORGE HARPER, DAVID AYRES,

JAS. G. ROBERTS, J. D. SEARS,

WM. C. HEDGES

July 27, 1854-n12-1f.

**C. B. HOPKINS,**

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**HOPKINS & AGERTUR!**

Architects and Master Builders.

WOULD inform the citizens of Wyandot and adjoining counties, that they are prepared to enter into contracts for doing all kinds of carpenter work, such as building, making drafts for buildings, public or private, bridges, &c., making estimates of the cost of the same, or anything else in their line of business, on as reasonable terms as can be had in the state. References given if required.

U. Sandusky, July, 1857. 44

**H. J. BALDWIN,**

WATCH MAKER, JEWELER

AND—

**REPAIRER.**

UPPER SANDUSKY, O.

Is prepared to do all work in a neat and substantial manner. Clocks, Watches and Jewels carefully repaired, and warranted to give entire satisfaction.

UP STAIRS, YELLOW CORNER.

## poetry.

### THE GOLD HUNTER.

He sat him down on a mossy stone,  
By a gushing fountain's side,  
Where the willow boughs for years had grown,  
In their freshness and their pride;  
And the summer's sun shone o'er him then,  
And the joyous noontide ray  
So stirred the gloom from the quiet glen,  
And the streamlets winding way.

He was far away from his native home,  
And the scenes he loved so well—  
Where in happier hours he used to roam,  
When the night-birds shadow fell;  
And the baby paleness on his cheek,  
And the deathlight in his eye,  
And trembling limbs, all plainly speak,  
That disease and death are nigh.

The balmy breath of the evening air,  
Is bending the heather now,  
And plays with the locks of raven hair  
That are clustering round his brow;  
And it kisses the cheek that with fever burns,  
While whispering soft and low  
The word of hope, and the thought that turns  
The heart from its dream of woe.

'Tis a lovely spot where the hunter lies,  
And wild flowers bloom around;  
And trees that for ages have sought the skies,  
Throw their shadows o'er the ground;  
And the song of many a happy bird,  
And the chiming of the echoes,  
The hollow tones of the rills stir'd,  
As they slumbered among the hills.

He had left his home and the valleys green,  
Where in childhood hours he strayed;  
Where the cot by the pebbly brook is seen,  
And the garden on the glade.  
He had left his home in his youthful days,  
With the thousands young and old,  
For a land far to the westward lays,  
To dig for the hidden gold.

He reached the land, and a gold dust gleamed  
From many a secret mine;  
And the dashing waves of the rivers seemed,  
With priceless gems to shine.  
And the dark, dark days of the overless past,  
Were hid from his memory then;  
For the riches of earth he might win at last—  
He should not be poor again.

Through the toils of many a weary day,  
In the heat of a sultry sun,  
He labored on, till the treasure lay  
In heaps, that his toil had won.  
And he heeded not that his strength did fail,  
Nor heeded he heat or cold,  
Nor heeded he least, that his cheek grew pale,  
While he bared his life for gold.

'Twas won at last! as he gathered up  
The hopes of his wildest dream,  
He thought of the elf with the silver cup,  
That dwelt by the haunted stream;  
For there it was, not a day dream bright,  
That length but to betray;  
But gold, pure gold, 'fore his aching sight,  
At the feet of the hunter lay.

He had gold for years—but of what avail  
The wealth of the Indies now?  
As he utters a low and a piercing wail,  
And the cold sweat damps his brow!  
He would give it all, though 'twas bought with life,  
In a far off, stranger land,  
Mid scenes of danger, of toil, and strife,  
For the clasp of a friendly hand!

For there he lay by that fountain's side,  
With none of his kindred near,  
To witness the woe of his sinking tide,  
Nor to stretch him upon his bier.  
With the pallor of death on his cheek,  
Mid the evening's gathering gloom,  
His only shroud in that lonely place,  
That must serve him instead of a tomb.

He slept—and the scene of his early years,  
Are crowding upon his brain;  
The voice of a brother, or sister hears,  
And the music of home again!  
And he greets them all by that hearthstone

Which is now so lone and cold—  
And the song of the brook on its ocean way,  
He hears by the leafy wold!

The scene is changed; and again he sees  
A form that is wreathed with smiles;  
Like the dawn on forms on the tropic breeze,  
Which gladden you sea-girt isles!  
And her soft, sweet voice, on the night air  
Sings,  
While chanting the lays of yore;  
More sweet than the strains which a wind  
Harp flings,  
Round the cliffs of a rock-bound shore.

She is by his side! and that whispered word,  
Thou' years o'er their love had flown,  
Tells him that heart, whose wild throbbings  
Are heard,  
Is beating for him alone!  
And he presses his lips to her burning cheek,  
And murmurs that name so dear,  
That had been in that country so wild and bleak.

His best and his brightest cheer.  
'Tis past; and that vision so bright and fair,  
Like sunshine through storm clouds,  
Has passed away like a meteor's glare,  
That floats in no airy shroud.  
And the shivering limbs of the hunter feel,  
The gasp of a fearful foe—  
His brain grows wild, and his senses reel—  
He will suffer no more below.

'Tis morning now, and the hunter sleeps,  
And the cold damp dew of morn,  
Gather in gems as the sunlight creeps  
O'er the brow of the lost and forlorn.  
And the swift winged breeze on its northward  
Way,  
Lifts the curls from his pallid brow;  
And the dancing waves of the fountain play,  
Though the dead lies near them now!

But he heeds them not—and the gushing wave,  
And the roar of the forest wild,  
A requiem chant o'er his lonely grave,  
O'er the tomb of this way-worn child.  
And she who hath watched for his safe return,  
Will look for her love in vain,  
For in lands afar, with St. Kneel or urn,  
He sleeps on a western plain!

C. G. MUGG.

To Fasten Leather to Metal.—Soak the leather in a hot solution of nut galls, and apply to the metal to which it is to be fastened, having first given the metal a coat of glue. When dry, the leather will adhere so tight that it sooner tears than separates from the metal.

## Miscellany.

### THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING.

BY EMMA D. E. SOUTHWORTH.

#### CHAPTER I.

The Astrologer's Prediction.

Reading, a few days since, one of De Quincy's papers—"Three Memorable Murders," recalled to my mind the strange circumstances of one of the most mysterious domestic dramas that ever taxed the ingenuity of man, or required the flight of time to develop.

The locality of our story lies amid one of the wildest and most picturesque regions of the Old Dominion, where the head waters of the Rappahannock wash the base of the Blue Ridge.

The precise spot—Crossland—is a sublime and beautiful scene, where two forest-crowned ranges of mountains cross each other at oblique angles.

At the intersecting point of these ridges nestles a little hamlet, named, from its elevated position, Altamont.

At the period at which our story opens the four estates, in the four angles of the irregular mountain cross, were owned as follows:

The eastern farm, called Piedmont, was the life property of Madame Auderly; a Virginian lady, of the old school.

The western and most valuable estate was the inheritance of Honora Paule, an orphan heiress, granddaughter and ward of Madame Auderly.

The northern and smallest one, called, from being the deepest vale of the four—Hawes's Hole—was the property of old Hugh Hawes, a widower of gloomy temper, parsimonious habits, and almost fabulous wealth.

The southern farm—named from the extravagant cost of the elegant mansion house, elaborate out-buildings, and highly ornamented grounds, which had absorbed the means of the late owner, "Farquhar's Folly"—was the heavily mortgaged patrimony of Godfrey Farquhar Dulanie, the grandson of Hugh Hawes, and now a young aspirant for legal honors at the University of Virginia.

But little benefit to the heir was to be hoped from the inheritance of his father's burthened property. In the first place, old Hugh Hawes had brought up in his own name all the claims against the estate of Farquhar's Folly—doubtless to prevent a foreclosure, and to save the property for his grandson.

But, unhappily, Godfrey had mortally offended despotic old man by declining an agricultural life, and persisting in the study of a profession—a course that had resulted in his own disinheritation.

To make this punishment more bitter to his grandson, the old man had taken into favor his nephew, Dr. Henry Hawes, whom he had established near himself at Farquhar's Folly.

At this time, the disinterested heir, having finished a term at the University, had come down to spend a part of his vacation in his native place.

It was upon the Saturday evening of his arrival that he found the little hotel, and, indeed, the whole village of Altamont, in a great state of excitement, from the fact that the celebrated heiress, Miss Honora Paule, had just stopped there, and passed through on her way home.

Those who had been so happy as to catch a glimpse of her many charms, while those who had not, listened with eagerness, and looked forward to indemnifying themselves by seeing her at church the next morning.

The next day, Godfrey Dulanie attended church, where he saw and fell in love with the most beautiful and intellectual-looking girl he had ever beheld. From the cheapness and simplicity of her attire he supposed her to be some poor dependent of Madame Auderly's, in whose power she sat. Godfrey was completely captivated, and he resolved at once to woo, and if possible, win this lovely being for his wife, poor girl though she was. He was glad that she was poor, because she could for that reason, be more easily won. But on accompanying Mr. Willoughby, the clergyman, and his brother-in-law, Ernest Heine, home after church, what was his astonishment and dismay at being introduced to the supposed "poor girl," whom he found to be no other than the celebrated Miss Honora Paule, the greatest heiress and belle, as well as the best and noblest girl, in the State of Virginia. She greeted him cordially, and in a few minutes the company were busily engaged in conversation. The topic of "capital punishment" having been started, Godfrey turned to Honora, and said:

"I take an especial personal interest in having capital punishment abolished—Miss Paule, do you believe in astrology?" Honora started, fixed her eyes immediately upon the questioner, and then withdrawing them answered—

"Sir, why did you ask me if I believe in astrology?"

"Because, Miss Paule, I was about to relate for your amusement a prediction that was made concerning myself, by a professor of that black art."

"A prediction," exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby, drawing near with eager interest.

"Yes, madame," replied Mr. Dulanie, smiling, "a prediction which, if I believed, would certainly dispose me to favor the abolishment of the death penalty."

Three years since while I was sojourning for a short time in the city of Richmond, on my way to the University, I chanced to hear of the Egyptian Dervis, Aebbad, who was at that time creating quite a sensation in the city. His wonderful reputation was the theme of every tongue.

"Idleness and curiosity combine to lead me to his rooms. He required a night to cast my horoscope." He demanded and I gave him, the day and hour of my birth, and then I took leave, with the promise to return in the morning. The next day I went—

"Well?" questioned Honora, earnestly.

"My horoscope was a horror—scope indeed! It predicted for me—a short and stormy life, and a sharp and sudden death."

"Good Heaven! But—the details?"

"It prophesied four remarkable events, the first of which has already come to pass."

"And that was—"

"The loss of my paternal estate!"

"Singular coincidence!" interrupted Mr. Willoughby, as he arose and joined his wife and brother-in-law at the other end of the room.

"I thought so when the prophecy was fulfilled," replied Godfrey.

"And the other three events?" softly inquired Honora.

"The other three events, if they follow as predicted, must happen within the next two years, or before I reach my twenty-fifth anniversary. The first of these is to be the unexpected inheritance of vast wealth."

Upon hearing this, a bright smile played around the lips of Honora, and banished the clouds from her brow. She waited a few minutes for him to proceed, but finding that he continued silent, she said—

"Well, Mr. Dulanie, go on! what was the third predicted event?"

"Do you command me to inform you?"

"No sir; I beg you, of your courtesy, to do so."

"Very well," he said, dropping his voice to a low undertone, "it was to be my marriage with the woman I should worship."

A deep vivid blush supplanted the bright smile that quivered over Honora's variable face. There was a pause, broken at length by her voice, as she gently inquired—

"And the fourth?"

The answer came reluctantly, and in tones so low as to meet only her ear.

"The fourth and last prediction was, that before my twenty-fifth birthday I should perish on the scaffold."

A low cry broke from the lips of Honora as her hands flew up and covered her face. After a minute or two she dropped them, and looking him steadily in the face, said with quiet firmness—

"You doubtless wonder at my emotion. Now hear me. On the autumn following the summer in which that prediction was made to you, I was in Baltimore with my grandmother, and with Mrs. Willoughby who was then Miss Heine. Curiosity took us to the rooms of the Egyptian, who was then practising in that city. And after some such preparations as he had used in your case, he cast my horoscope and read my future. It was this, that before my twentieth birthday, I should be a bride, but never a wife, for that the fatal form of the scaffold arose between the nuptial benediction and the bridal chamber. Such were the words of the prophecy." She spoke with a solemnity that seemed to overshadow every other feeling.

CHAPTER II.

#### TAE SYBIL'S CIRCLE.

The next day Honora informed her grandmother, Madame Auderly, of Godfrey's presence in the neighborhood, and the old lady sent her only brother, Colonel Shannon, to fetch him to Piedmont. Godfrey accepted the invitation. On his arrival he found that General Sterne, the governor elect of Virginia, and his son, had just taken up their quarters, for several days, with Madame Auderly; and the old lady, in his honor, at once sent off cards of invitation to some of the neighbors to visit her that evening.

When tea was over, the company adjourned to the drawing-room, where, soon after, the guests invited for the evening joined them.

First came Father O'Lougherty, the parish priest of St. Andrew's Church, at Crossland.

The next arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby, and Mr. Heine.

Immediately after them came Dr. and Mrs. Henry Hawes—the doctor, a man of great fashion and elegance, the lady, a delicate, pensive woman, with a sort of, moonlight face, beaming softly out

between her fleecy locks of jet.

And last of all, to the astonishment of everybody, came old Hugh Hawes, who had been invited as a matter of courtesy and was not in the least degree expected to make his appearance.

He came not alone. On his arm he brought a young girl, uninvited, but whom with grave courtesy, he presented to his hostess as Agnes Darke, the daughter of a deceased friend, and now his ward, who had arrived only that morning and whom, presuming on Madame Auderly's well-known kindness, he had ventured to present her.

Madame Auderly, a reader of faces, was certainly attracted towards her; and, after a little talk, that confirmed her first favorable impressions, she took the hand of the orphan girl, and conducted her to the group formed by the Misses Auderly, Mr. Sterne, Mr. Heine. Mr. Dulanie, and Honora Paule.

Under the auspices of Miss Rose Auderly, they were just about to form what she called a Sybil's Circle, for which purpose, Messrs. Heine and Sterne were dispatched to bring forward a round table. Miss Rose went to a cabinet to seek the "Sybil's Leaves," which she presently produced. All then seated themselves around the table.

The dead silence reigned. Rose shuffled the cards, turned them with their faces down, and then addressing her right hand neighbor, Mr. Sterne, in a low voice, she demanded—

"What would you with the Sybil?"

"I would know the future partner of my life," was the formal answer.

"Draw!"

The young man hesitated for a while, smiled, and, rejecting all the cards that were nearest himself, put his hand under the pack, and withdrew the lowest one.

"Read!" he said, extending the card to the Sybil.

"Hear!" she exclaimed:

"A widow, beautiful as light,  
"Twill be your lot to wed—  
With a rich partner, which shall pour  
Its blessings on your head."

There was a general clapping of hands and shouts of laughter.

It was now Miss Jessie's turn to test her fate. Being a young lady, she would not put the question in the usual form, but merely inquired what should be her future fate. The answer drawn was—

"To dandle fools and chronicle small beer."

A reply that nearly extinguished Miss Jessie for the evening.

"I declare, if here is not Mr. Hugh Hawes!" exclaimed the lively Lily, as the old miser sauntered deliberately to the table, and stood looking with indolent curiosity upon the game of the young people.

"Come, Mr. Hawes! I declare, you shall have your fortune told!"

"Well, well—the commands of young ladies are not to be disobeyed," replied the old man, gallantly, as he extended his hand and drew a card, which he passed to the Sybil.

Amid a profound silence, and in a solemn voice, she read—

"Thy fate looms full of horror! From false friends,  
Now at hand perdition threatens thee!  
A fearful sign stands in thy house of life—  
An enemy—a fiend, lurks close behind  
The radiance of thy planet,—Oh, be warned!"

"Pshaw! what serious mockery!" exclaimed the old man, scornfully, as he turned away, and gave place to his nephew, who had all the time been posted behind him, peeping over his shoulder.

"Will you permit me to test my fortune?" inquired the "fascinating" Dr. Hawes.

"And what would you with the Sybil?" was the response.

"I would know the future."

"Draw!" said the Sybil, in a tone of assumed sternness.

Smiling his graceful but most sinister smile, the doctor drew a card, and passed it to the reader.

"Hear!" said the latter, lifting the tablet of fate and reading—

"I know thee—thou fearest the solemn night!"

With her piercing stars, and her deep wind's might!  
There's a tone in her voice thou faint wouldst shun,  
For